

THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW
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Start the New Year right by paying up your subscription and renewing for another year.

The Christmas just passed in St. Johns was the most enjoyable in a general way that has occurred for a number of years. One reason for this was that there was found to be practically no real destitution, and there were few if any hungry mouths to fill through charity. Work in plenty and good wages placed all in a happy and contented condition. The stores, so far as learned, did an unprecedented business.

The need of an opera house in St. Johns is urged by a writer elsewhere in this paper. As the population increases this need is becoming more apparent. The suggestion made that a meeting of our citizens be called to discuss the needs of the town is a good one. While many are aware of needful things in St. Johns, unless some action be launched in an effort to secure them, they will not be acquired. Why would it not be a good plan for the leading men of St. Johns to call a meeting where discussion may take place and views expressed? An opera house, hospital, apartment houses, hotels, laundry, more dwellings—all are live topics and an open discussion may bring out ways and means of acquiring them. Let us have a public meeting.

There is a rumor in the air that Standifer and associates are seriously considering the idea of locating their immense steel ship building plant on the land adjoining the elevator system in North St. Johns. As is known, the Dock Commission has sixty acres of unexcelled land there that will not be needed for elevator or coal bunker purposes, and it is said, is willing to have this land utilized for industrial purposes at a rental cost of only sufficient to cover the interest on the investment, and being public land, there will be no taxes to pay, thus making it of unusual attractiveness to prospective manufacturers. Taken in conjunction with the fact that terminal charges will be eliminated, and connection effected with all transcontinental railroad lines as well as by water, there is reason for the hope that Standifer may select St. Johns as the site. When the announcement was first made that Standifer and associates had secured contracts from the government for steel ships aggregating many millions of dollars and that they would erect a million dollar plant to take care of the same, it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that Vancouver would be the location decided upon, but since the members of this company had their attention directed toward the many appealing features of the St. Johns site, there is a strong probability, it is said, that the big plant will be located here. May it be so.

Chester A. Vincent, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Vincent, of Leavitt street, arrived home last week from South America, where he has held responsible positions for the past four years. Chester was formerly on the engineer staff of the old city of St. Johns. During his absence he has witnessed many interesting sights and passed through some unusual experiences. He is glad to see St. Johns once more, and his many friends here are glad to have him return.

N. A. Gee will again resume his vocation as professor of odd jobs after January 1st, when he will be prepared to look after the little odd jobs around the city, where a handy man may be needed. For the past six months he has been serving as watchman at the oil tanks, which position he will sever with the coming of the New Year. N. A. states that practically the whole Gee tribe took supper with him at his home Christmas night, and all had a gloriously good time.

The Patriotic dance given in the skating rink last Thursday evening by the Knights of Pythias, was attended by about 100 couples, who enjoyed the event immensely. An interesting and enjoyable feature of the evening was the drill exhibition put on by the famous D. O. K. K. drill team. The manoeuvres were splendidly executed and elicited bursts of applause from the audience. Their natty and conspicuous uniforms add much to the effect of the exhibition.

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Christmas Seals

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was only a few days before Christmas, and little Amy Wells was so happy. The teacher had given her some Red Cross seals to sell, and when Miss Smith had distributed the red and white and green seals among her scholars she had explained to them all about the purpose of the Red Cross society and how the money earned would be used to help the wounded soldiers.

And she had not sold one single, solitary stamp of her twenty-five! How she had trudged around from door to door, only to meet the same kind smile and shake of the head! Amy told her mother, and when Mrs. Wells offered to buy all the stamps herself the little girl shook her head.

"I ought to be able to sell them outside my home, mother, dear," she said. "That would be real work."

Mrs. Wells sighed and smiled. She couldn't very well afford to buy even the twenty-five stamps that Amy wanted to sell, for every penny was needed in that little household. Mr. Wells had died a year or two before, and Amy's mother had to sew for a living. She was very busy, for she was trying to finish some work so as to receive the money in time to buy something for Christmas.

"Kiss me, little daughter," Mrs. Wells said, with a smile, "and then carry this dress up to Miss Granger on the hill." The Grangers lived in a big house at the top of the hill. It was quite the largest house in Little River, and the three ladies lived there all alone with two servants. There were Miss Belle Granger, Miss Lucy and Miss Beth. They were not very young, but they were very kind and sweet.

It was Christmas eve at the Bayville Home For Orphans, and three little boys sat in the chilly dining room looking out at the flying flakes of snow. It was after supper, and there was a clatter of dishes in the kitchen. "They say," said Jimmy, "there's going to be a big Christmas tree in the parlor tomorrow, with candy and presents and everything, but I'd rather hang up my stockings than have all the old Christmas trees. You betcha I would!"

"So would I," echoed Bobby and George. "That trustee who was here today would make a dandy man for a father or an uncle," said Bobby. "He's awful rich."

"And he ain't got any children or any folks at all." "I wish he'd adopt me," reflected George. "He'd pat my head."

"He must be lonesome without any folks," began Bobby. Then he leaned over and whispered to his companions. Fifteen minutes later three little boys, the oldest ten and the youngest six, let themselves out through a basement door and hurried across the snowy yard to the opening in the hedge which led through a patch of woods to the village.

Mr. Bartley, the trustee, who often visited the home, lived in a big house with a wonderful garden. Everything was blanketed in snow now, and the big house was dark save for a few lighted windows on the lower floor. Soon they stood on the porch peering in at a cozy library, where Mr. Bartley sat in a big chair before the fire, looking very lonesome. A big dog, a collie, sat beside him with his head on his master's knee.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head and barked. Mr. Bartley looked toward the window and saw the three little frightened boy faces peering in. In a jiffy he had jumped up, opened the window and lifted them in one at a time. "Good gracious me! What are you doing out there?" he demanded.

"Please, sir, we're from the home," said Bobby. "We knew you lived all alone—and we thought maybe you'd like to hire us three kids to spend Christmas with you. We don't want any tree," explained Bobby. "We just want to hang up our stockings and wake up—something like home—before we came to the 'ylum." Tears were in the boys' eyes now.

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Notice to Creditors
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Matthew Smith, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Fred Smith, has been appointed executor of the estate of Thomas Matthew Smith, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, and has duly qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified as required by law, to said executor at the office of his attorney, J. J. Johnson, 314 Spalding building, Portland, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of first publication of this notice. Dated and first published December 14, 1917.
FRED SMITH, Executor of the Estate of Thomas Matthew Smith, dec'd.
J. J. Johnson, 314 Spalding bldg., Portland, Oregon, Attorney for said Estate.

For the good will you have shown us during the past year, we thank you. May the New Year be brighter than ever.
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